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Allegiances (just emberclan, will be fixed soon)

EmberClan

Leader - Ashstar - Ash gray speckled tom with blue eyes

Deputy - Flarefeather - Flame orange tabby-tom with green eyes

Medicine Cat - Dirtpelt - Dirt brown tom with hazel eyes (Apprentice: Pebblepaw)

Warriors

Tallflame - Tall firey-orange tabby-tom with icy blue eyes

Bucktail - Brown tabby-tom with a white tail-tip, forest-green eyes

Branchblaze - Black and ginger splotched tom with blue eyes

Swirlfur - White she-cat with a light gray swirl on her side

Acornnose - Dark brown tabby she-cat with amber eyes

Oakleg - Brown tabby-tom with long legs, brown eyes

Foxleaf - Ginger she-cat with green eyes

Tangledpelt - Gray tabby-tom with messy fur, blue eyes

Queens

Dawnfeather - Light gray she-cat with warm hazel eyes (Kits: Otterkit, Turtlekit, Finchkit)

Robinwing - Light brown speckled she-cat with brown eyes (Kits: Dashkit)

Elders

Pineconeclaw - Reddish-brown tabby-tom with a gray muzzle, icy blue eyes

Ivydapple - Silvery - gray she-cat with lively green eyes

Prologue

Lightning crackled above the sodden EmberClan camp. A storm was coming, and Thornkit couldn't sleep, nor could any kit in the Nursery. Thornkit's mother suggested they go to the Elders' to listen to a story, which he and his fellow denmates did. Rain beat down on the already muddy camp, but Thornkit was used to getting his paws wet. He, along with three other kits, made the short sprint from the Nursery to the Elders' den in only a few quick seconds, still managing to get soaked to the skin.

"Talltail, can you tell us a story? None of us can sleep and Mother suggested we came here." Thornkit asked politely. Talltail, a light brown tabby-tom, nodded.

"Of course. Tonight will be a long one, so why not tell you the best and longest story of them all?" Talltail suggested. The four soaked kits mewed with excitement. "Alright, gather around. Tonight you will learn the story of Dashheart, who I'm sure you've heard of before."

The kits leaned in, eager to hear the story of the great Dashheart. He was, of course, well known around this camp.

Chapter One

Dashkit always wanted to be the best, but he always fell short. Whether it was in Mossball, catching leaves, or Tail Hunting, he was aways a step behind his denmates, Otterkit, his best friend, Turtlekit, the shy kit who had an interest in herbs, and Finchkit, who, from what Dashkit could tell, had a crush on him.

Shining stars, the spirits of Dashkit's ancestors speckled the deep, dark, blue night sky. Although Dashkit's eyelids were starting to put on some weight, he could not bring himself to sleep. His head stuck out of the Nursery, as he played Spy on the older cats who were off to the Gathering, something Dashkit was very excited about. Every moon, the Leader selects a few cats including Warriors, Apprentices, Medicine Cats, and Elders. Queens and Kits do not go, because the kits are to young to make the trek to the Cavern, and the Queens must stay back with their kits.

Dashkit was very excited about this Gathering, because it meant he was very close to becoming an Apprentice.

The cats going to the Gathering finally left, the Full Moon rising to it's peak above them. It dappled the clearing with it's faint glow, giving the Nursery just a little bit of light. Dashkit made sure everyone was sleeping, and, with one small step, exited the Nursery. He noticed two cats standing guard by the Camp Entrance. What he was planning was dangerous, stupid, and it broke many rules.

How am I going to get out? Dashkit wondered to himself. He finally came to the conclusion that he would have to take a long route around the camp. The camp itself was a large dip in the ground, surrounded by bramble walls to keep unwanted visitors out. Luckily, his fur was just about the color of bramble, and he was quite small. Dashkit knew if he was quiet and stealthy, he could sneak right around all the way to a small hole in the wall, behind

the Elder's den. This place was known as the Compost hole, where they would throw any bones of prey. the hole led right out of the camp and into a pile of rotting flesh still hanging onto bones, flies buzzing around everywhere. To control the scent of the disgusting mess, a small hole just the size of a kit was above the pile. Dashkit, mustering up all of his courage, clambered up the pile of bones and flesh, and squeezed through the hole.

The world was so different at night. Everything was five times scarier, with shadows looming over him and tree branches that looked like horrifying monsters. Dashkit gulped down his fear, and with a single breath, said "I can do this."

From what he could tell, there was a well worn path to his right, leading from the Camp Entrance. He would have to keep in the shadows for a while, so the two guard warriors wouldn't see him. Dashkit looked around, his breathing light. He was very scared, yet he was determined to see the Gathering.

A while later, a few clouds began to move quickly toward the moon. Is that normal? Dashkit wondered. He had never seen clouds on a Gathering night, but then again he had only seen five, and never stayed up late enough to see the clan return.

After what felt like ages, Dashkit began to hear voices. They were faint, but he could clearly recognize his Leader, Ashstar's voice. He seemed to be trying to calm down someone.

As Dashkit came closer, he heard his Leader more clearly. "Shadestar, do you not see the clouds? If you argue any more the Gathering will be forced to stop!" Ashstar said urgently.

"Since when do you care, Ashstar? You've always been the one to start a fight, and it's not just you. It's your whole clan!" A raspy she-cat replied.

Lightning crackled through the sky, raising the fur on every cats' neck. Dashkit could now clearly see the Cavern, a giant opening in the ground. many cats from each clan were gathered beneath a ledge, almost like a clan meeting.

Atop the ledge were four cats, including Ashstar and the other three Leaders. Ashstar and an orange and black splotched she-cat were at the edge, arguing. Dashkit hid in a bush, peeking through the leaves. He could feel the tension from his spot, and everyone's fur was raised.

The large storm forming above Dashkit and the cats at the Gathering began to let down it's rain. Everyone in the Cavern was going crazy. Ashstar and Shadestar still argued, but it was unclear what the were saying due to the boom of thunder and crackle of lightning.

I should get out of here before it gets worse. Dashkit decided. He turned, rustling the bush a bit. As the rain began to pick up, Dashkit got more and more soaked. He shivered as he sprinted through the rain.

Suddenly, a large streak of violent lightning tore through the blinding rain, and striking a pine tree right in front of Dashkit. Immediately, the tree caught fire, and fell over. The flames could not be doused by the rain, and they spread around Dashkit, trapping him in a ring of fire. "Help!" He screeched, but it could not be heard by the cats in the cavern, nor the cats back at camp. The storm was just too loud, and it drowned out every noise. He continued to yelp for help, but it was to no avail. Dashkit knew it was over. His voice began to become raspy, his cries for help not as loud. There was no hope. Or, at least, Dashkit thought there was none. Dashkit squinted into the fire, which was gradually getting larger and closer.

Dashkit wiped his eyes. Was he seeing correctly? A shadowy figure stood halfway in and halfway out of the fire. The mysterious cat beckoned for him to come closer.

Dashkit decided to follow, because maybe, just maybe, this was his saving grace. The shadowy figure became more visible, and Dashkit could now make out this 'cat'. The cat was completely black, with a few gray stripes under his eyes. He seemed to be made of something different, not flesh. His body seemed to give off a mist.

"Come with me, you'll be safe." The mysterious mist figure said. His voice was very comforting and genuine. Suddenly, as Dashkit was about to step through the flame with this mysterious 'cat', a force knocked him off of his paws. He was being carried, and as he looked up he recognized Flarefeather, the Deputy.

"Flarefeather!" Dashkit gasped. "Why did you do that? I was already being saved. Did you not see the other cat?" Dashkit exclaimed. Flarefeather stared at him in confusion.

"Other cat? Dashkit, you were about to walk into the *fire*! Are you okay?" Flarefeather asked, a concerned look across his face.

"I'm fine." Dashkit said, a bit of dissapointment hinted in his voice. He wanted to know who the mysterious mist-cat was.

"Actually, why are you even out here? How did you get out here? you have some explaining to do, and I know you'll be in trouble with your mother," Flarefeather meowed. "First, let's get you back to camp."

The rest of the clan had began to appear, all with a bit of confusion on their faces. "Shouldn't we be doing something to get rid of this fire?" One cat asked, which seemed like a very logical question.

"We can only hope that StarClan keeps it away from camp." Ashstar replied. "Now let's get back to camp." Ashstar continued, looking coldly at Dashkit.

A/N: Ayy the return. Thanks for reading and voting if you did. This chapter took me two days cuz i couldn't figure out how to start the story. Hope you guys enjoyed :) ~Dash